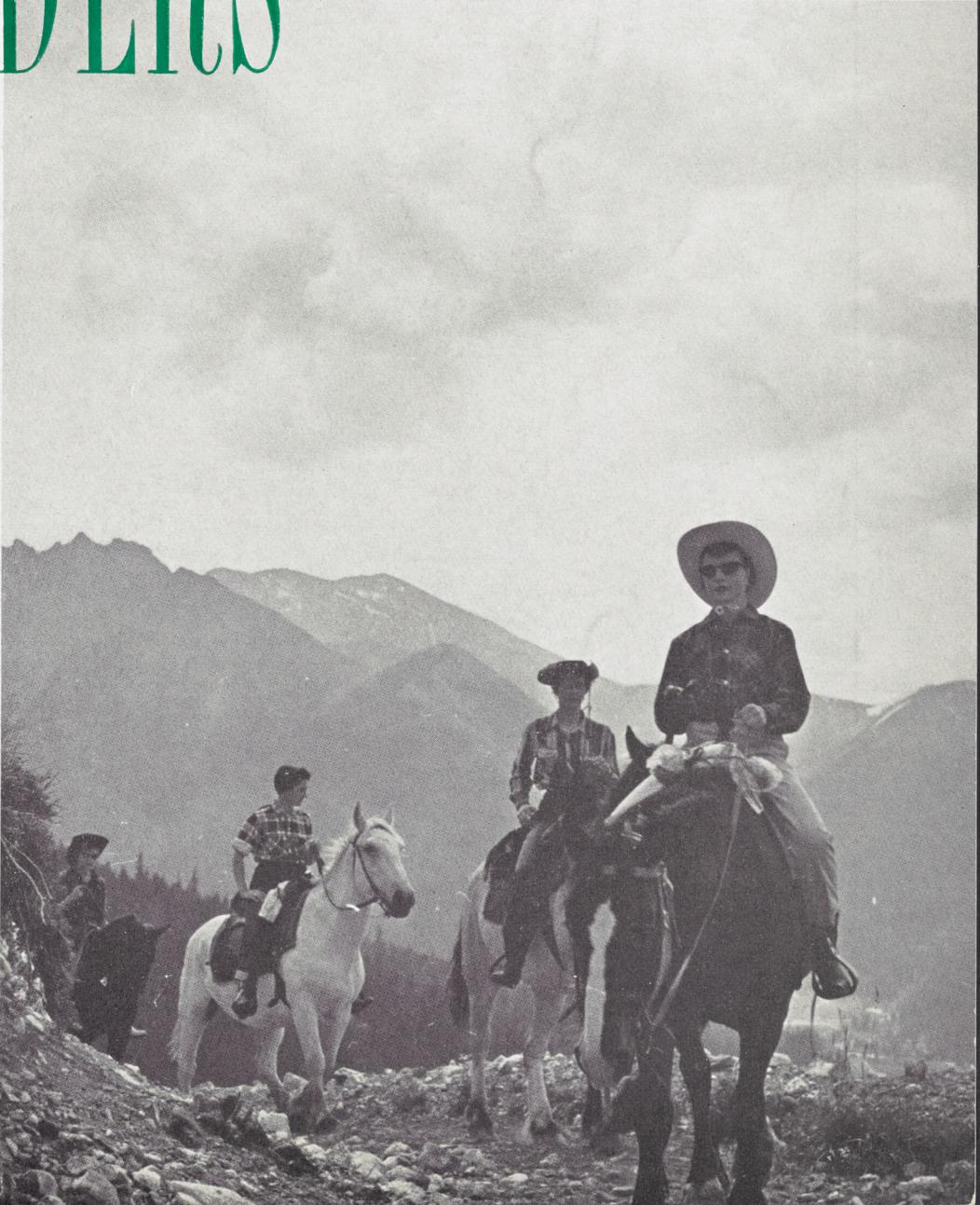


TRAIL RIDERS



No. 100

JANUARY

1958

Cameron Cartoons

- In this edition of "Trail Riders" Magazine, we take pleasure in presenting two more in a series of 10 cartoons by Cameron dealing with the lighter aspects of a pack trip in the Canadian Rockies. Others in the series have appeared in previous issues.

The cartoons reproduced in this issue, along with those to follow, should bring many a chuckle to our members, most of whom have found themselves in the predicaments touched upon by the cartoonist. All depict the observations and experiences of Mr. Cameron himself, of dudes and pack outfits, during his many years of packing in the mountains.

Born and raised in Calgary, where the Rockies

(Continued on page 31)

- This is one of a set of ten cartoons by Stewart Cameron, entitled "Packing Horse in the Rockies" — average size: 8½ x 11½. The complete set can be obtained by writing—Cameron Cartoons (No. 3), Box 388, Calgary, Alta. (Price: \$1.00 per set, by cheque, money order, or cash).



LUNCH STOP ON THE TRAIL !

GOOD NEWS !!!**It's Mount Assiniboine
For This Year's Rides!**

CALLING all Trail Riders! — Once again the familiar "call to the saddle" echoes among our rank and file. And never before has it been dispatched with more enthusiasm and wholehearted sincerity. Seldom, moreover, has there been such good cause for tooting the trail rider clarion!

First and foremost, we have something extra special in the way of a campsite — a real eye-opener for scenery-conscious saddleites! Our official "hitching post" for '58 will be none other than that 11,870-ft. Matterhorn of the Rockies — that sky-piercing pyramid called Mt. Assiniboine.

A virtually unanimous choice of the trail committee, executive and council members, the snow-capped peak, straddling the Alberta-British Columbia border, stands like a sentinel, watching over an unbelievable land of spectacular peaks, gem-like lakes, each with its own distinctive hue, pungent evergreen valleys and flower-studded alpine meadows high above the timberline.

Situated near the shores of Lake Magog, one of the loveliest of alpine tarns, the camp will provide access to an exciting choice of trails, every mile of which treats the rider to a new scenic thrills. There's more than scenery too! Lakes in the area abound with cut-throat and rainbow trout — sweet news for the anglers in our ranks.

So there you have the picture in capsule form — a real pretty one too! It just isn't possible to describe adequately the Assiniboine area in one article — the awe-inspiring peaks, glaciers, lakes and streams that make this particular region of the Continental Divide the most panorama-packed on the Trail Rider's map! And we *will* have a map in the next issue, with photos to back up our remarks.

If you've read this far, you're probably wondering about the dates. The rides, "repeaters" will be pleased to hear, are to be held on corresponding dates of last sum-

(Continued on page 26)

"Trail Riders"

*Official Publication of the Trail
Riders of the Canadian Rockies*

Address all Bulletin material to
GRAHAM NICHOLS
Secretary-Treasurer and Editor
Room 294, Windsor Station
Montreal, Que., Canada

**Trail Riders Elect
New Officer Slate**

N. R. Crump, of Montreal, was elected president of the Trail Riders of the Canadian Rockies at the association's annual meeting in Banff at the conclusion of the six-day ride. A vice-president for the past year, and a member of the five-day ride of 1955, Mr. Crump succeeds Mrs. W. A. Fuerst, of Cincinnati.

D. C. McVeigh, of Drumheller, Alta., a former member of the council, and a veteran of several annual rides, was elected a vice-president. Re-elected vice-presidents were W. H. Bertsche, Jr., Great Falls, Mont.; M. G. Gourlay, Drumheller, Alta.; Dr. Dorothy I. Muirhead, Hastings, Minn. and Miss Ethel Knight, Banff, Alta.

Nine new members—five from Canada and four from the United States—were appointed councillors. The Canadians elected were Miss June Duncan, Calgary, Alta.; Mrs. Elizabeth Priestley, Winnipeg, Man.; Dr. J. D. Leishman, Regina, Sask.; C. W. Wilson, North Vancouver, B.C., and W. R. Joyce, Toronto, Ont.

Those elected to the council from the U.S. were Mrs. Bette Bendixen, Berkeley, Cal.; Miss Frances L. Fulton, Los Angeles, Cal.; Miss Ellen M. Knower, Utica, N.Y., and Mrs. L. J. Knowles, Pomfret, Conn.

Miss Ruth Woolley, of Woodbury, N.J., a council member for several years, was made a member of the executive committee, while J. A. Hutchison, of Ottawa, formerly of that committee, was named an honorary member.

HERE ARE THE DATES TO REMEMBER!

Five-Day Ride No. 1	— Friday, July 11th through Tuesday, July 15th.
Six-Day Trail Ride	— Friday, July 18th through Wednesday, July 23rd.
Five-Day Ride No. 2	— Friday, Aug. 8th through Tuesday, Aug. 12th.
Five-Day Ride No. 3	— Friday, Aug. 15th through Tuesday, Aug. 19th.

Riding High in the Rockies



• You haven't really lived till you've been on a Trail Ride, and there's just no better way to see and know the Canadian Rockies. Here June Duncan gives a vivid picture of what goes on.



Power of the trail ride press is represented by this smiling twosome, editors, publishers and reporters of the camp's popular daily, the Panther Creek Chronicle. Framed in press tepee door are Pearl Borgal and (above) June Duncan.



▲ **Lunch on the trail is always a popular break in the day's itinerary. Here a few ravenous members of the first five-day ride help unload the victuals prior to stoking up.**

Cavalcade files by a deserted cabin on the ride to Snow Creek, one of the principal objectives on the '57 itinerary. They are members of the six-day ride, one of the largest in history.



WE HAVE all enjoyed from a distance, the beauty, the majesty and the mystery of Alberta's heritage, her own, Canadian Rockies. But to only those who have felt the shelter of her pines at night, quenched their thirst by her cold, swiftly flowing streams . . . known and shared, the intimacy of her virgin wilderness . . . is there a true understanding of her spiritual significance! These are the Trail Riders of the Canadian Rockies!

Who are these gay adventurers . . . these blythe spirits who pack bag and baggage over rugged mountain terrain . . . ford swift streams on horseback . . . take narrow mountain passes that no self respecting mountain goat would deign to pass? . . . They are men and women from every walk of life . . . every part of Canada and the United States . . . some from even farther afield. People who have taken time out . . . from this hectic hustle-bustle, work-a-day world . . . to really "live" . . . for one short week.

To join this cavalcade of riders is an experience not to be missed. During the latter weeks of July, a five-day and a six-day ride are held. And no matter whether it's your first, or 51st ride, there's always something new, exciting and different to see and do.

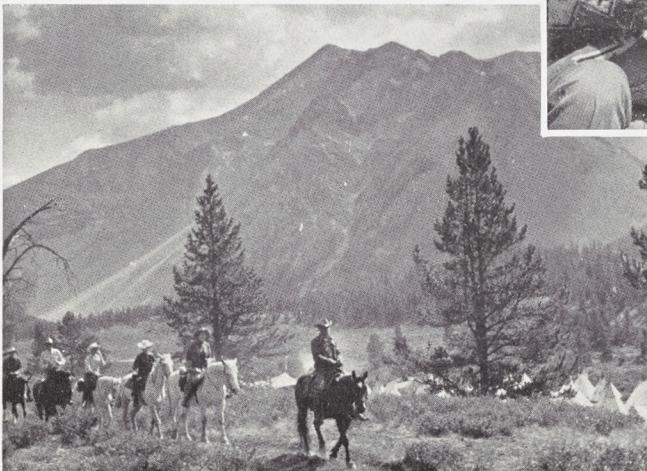
Perhaps the first thrill of a trail ride commences in Banff, when Brewster busses arrive to collect and transport the dudes and

their duffle to what we call trailhead . . . the beginning of the ride! Trailhead is the meeting place of horse . . . and (but for the lack of a better word) . . . its master! It also serves as an introduction of dude and guide. For every 10 dudes there's one guide. These are the cowboys who are up at the crack of dawn, saddling the horses, chopping wood, and handling other chores. They're the fellows who check cinches, make tea and coffee for noon-time fare, and in short make it *their* responsibility to see that the dude's life in camp . . . and on the trail, is a pleasant one . . . and a *safe* one. Those wonderful guides — who make an effort to smile patiently while the dudes persist in trying to get on and off their horses from the wrong side.

Trailhead generally means organized chaos. The guides are looking for their dudes . . . and in turn the dudes are looking for their horses. The ride into camp the first day is an adventure for the average dude. It means about five or six hours of straight riding . . . mostly walking! . . . and if you "haven't been in the saddle" for sometime . . . it's amazing how many muscles you suddenly realize you own! However, it's all quite worthwhile when you eventually pull into camp.

The camp itself is stationary . . . and every day a different ride is taken returning in the evening to base camp, or what we fondly call Tepee Town. This is a circular set-up of gaily decorated tepees, a large cook tent, the doctor's tent, and the world's largest Doughnut! I don't think there's anything quite like Tepee Town. And the doughnut shares absolutely no honors for companionship. The doughnut is where the whole camp gathers in the evening for entertainment . . . to sing the ballads of the old west, accompanied by the cowboys strumming on guitars

(Continued on page 6)



Trio from Eugene, Oregon—Kieth Fennell, his wife and daughter, Randy. Kieth has been with us on other rides, liked it so much he brought along the family.



Farewell Old Paint! Trusty steeds get tearful farewell from Bette Bendixen, left, and Frances Fulton, after dismounting for the last time. Horses look sad too.



Maybe it's the altitude, but whatever it is Doc Mudry isn't taking any chances. The patient, our popular emcee, did recover.

Outbound from Panther River camp, vanguard of six-day ride hits a leisurely pace. The spires of Tepee Town can be seen in background.

RIDING HIGH

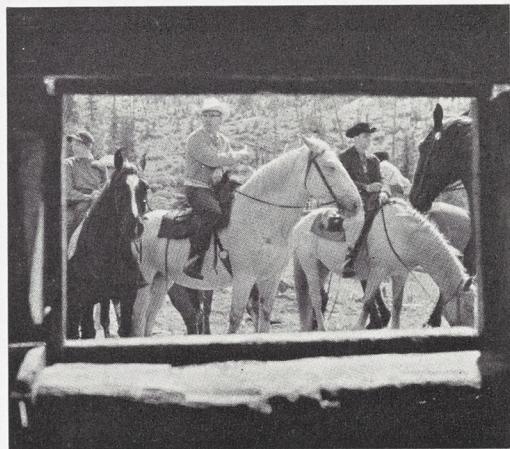
(Continued from page 5)

and accordian. Then that "grand old trail rider" Ray Bagley rises to recite several of his favorite selections of verse — a moment no Trail Rider ever forgets!

As you sit there with your friends . . . listening to the sharp crackle of the fire . . . you watch the smoke and sparks fly up through the hole in the doughnut into a star-sprinkled sky above. You hear the ripple of the water, as it gambols over the rugged rocks close by. You smell that wonderful, fresh smell of the pines, that you only get in the mountains, and actually feel the closeness of those great mountains around you. Suddenly you're very conscious of a feeling of peace, and contentment swelling up inside of you! You're so very far away . . . and yet, so *near*!

Every day is a new adventure on a trail ride. Perhaps it's the thrill of riding over crisp snow for the first time. Or riding high above the timberline, and everywhere you look a scenic vista that's absolutely breathtaking. Perhaps it's the cool mosses, the shimmering emerald lakes, or the mountain meadows profuse with flowers you've never seen before! Maybe it's one of those wonderfully cool mountain streams that just begs you to take off your shoes and socks, roll up your jeans and dangle your feet for a little while.

All too soon, you are rudely awakened to the fact that trail ride is over for another year! You find it very difficult to say goodbye to the many new friends you've made . . . promising with all your heart "I'll see you next year on the Ride!"



Inside looking out—A glimpse of riders assembling at Trailhead for ride into camp.



- The six-day ride in capsule form, written on a day-to-day basis by Miss June Duncan, author of the foregoing article, is presented on the following page. We hope the Duncan Diary will bring back happy memories for all who participated.

UPWARD CLIMB ON A WIND-SWEPT PLAIN



Variety of terrain traversed by trail riders last summer ranged from wooded valleys to open meadows high above the timberline. Here the cavalcade makes an impressive picture as it plods slowly upgrade on a high and windy hill.

DUNCAN DIARY — July 19th

The ride in was uneventful with the exception of a few "stiffs" who hadn't taken the precaution of getting properly "limbered up" before the ride. A fairly short ride in, taking some time to get on our way due to the volume of riders, necessitating the last minute scramble for extra equipment!

In the Doughnut, LaVera Fuerst, the President, extended a hearty welcome to all. She asked everyone to join in the old Trail Ride Song "You'll Get Used to It" — and learn the song while on the ride. Ray Bagley's book was announced. Mary Fagen, the warden's daughter delighted Tepee Town members with songs in western style — playing her accordian. Mary took in most of the rides with us and was a real trouper!

July 20th

Harrison Lake — perhaps the most scenic ride — a beautiful day with sunshine everywhere! And believe it or not, the camp fishermen found enough negligent fish to make spectacular breakfast fare the following A.M. The evening opened with La Vera's songs. The Panther Creek Chronicle was read, and a new belt was given to Mr. Jim Barber, from the paper's Charity Editor. The entertainment went on into the wee hours when a cowboy introduced the novel "Butterfly" dance to the audience. Everyone joined in for a gala evening.

July 21st

Up the Panther River—Only day we had rain—It came down in sheets, with clapping thunder as we made our way over the pass. Since it was Sunday the Doughnut program commenced with the singing of hymns,

Torontonians close ranks for group photo during six-day ride. Left to right: Mr. and Mrs. Jim Renwick; Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Lauder, and Miss Margaret Bell. Mr. and Mrs. Renwick have been with us on previous rides.

lead by Cliff Stivers. Marshall Diverty gave a talk on the history of Trail Ride, including many hilarious situations he had been witness to.

July 22nd

Snow Creek — went into Fagen Lake, named after Glenn Fagen, Park Warden who accompanied us on this and most of the other rides. A glorious day, although many sunburns were prevalent. Down the mountain after lunch — switched back on low terrain for John Kalina to get shot of full ride in progress. Charles Anderson spoke in the evening on interesting rock formation in the Panther Creek area. Back in camp, the Kain family amused Doughnut fans with their very clever ballad of a Trail Rider, covering hilarious happenings from the first day's ride out up to date.

July 23rd

Sulphur Springs — A beautiful day! Betty Bendixen celebrated her birthday with a quick splash in the cold creek.

July 24th

The ride out — very warm day. We stopped by grassy mountain meadow for lunch. Arrived at trailhead and waited for the buses. An army truck had gone off the road by the bridge near their camp and held up traffic for some time. Even the cowboys herding the horses down into Banff were held up until the large truck got back on the road again.

However, we did get back and all agreed it was a wonderful ride.



NOTHING'S TOO GOOD FOR***The Aristocrats of the Turf***

by DANEVE MARILYN LYLE

The aristocrat of the turf — the fleet-footed race horse—provides an interesting study in contrast to his hard-working cousin of more humble origin — the hard-working mountain cayuse.

While the trail horse is expected to be sound, serviceable and sensible, the pampered darlings of the race track are frequently of doubtful soundness, good for one purpose only and of most uncertain temperament.

The retinue of servants which a race horse requires is enough to make any sturdy trail horse snort with disdain.

The fact is, however, the aristocrats of the horse world have so much money tied up in their glossy hides their owners can't afford not to pamper them.

It all starts before the thoroughbred foal takes its first wobbly step — eleven months before to be exact.

Stud fees for thoroughbred stallions in Alberta range from \$100 to \$1000 depending upon the blood lines of the horse and the records of his progeny. In Eastern Canada the fee is still higher and in the U.S. Well-bred stallions have been known to command a stud fee in the five-figure bracket.

This fee is the first expense for the race horse breeder but certainly not the last — nor the least.

Thoroughbred brood mares require special care and feeding. In Western Canada where early spring weather conditions aren't favorable for a foaling mare, some of the more affluent breeders have even been known to provide steam-heated foaling stalls for their "Ladies-in-waiting".

Before racing at any of the major tracks the thoroughbred foal must be registered at a fee of \$50. Since most thoroughbreds are raced as two-year-olds, their training — and the incumbent strain on their owners' pocket books — begins when they are yearlings.



Daneve Lyle

They are broken slowly and carefully, with a light but competent rider up and expert horseman supervising the proceedings.

In the spring of their second year they are placed in the hands of a professional trainer and their schooling for a career on the track begins in earnest. It is generally agreed that a race horse must earn \$1,600 to pay his expenses during a season on the track and a winter in the barn.

A professional trainer charges about \$7 a day for his services. Out of this he must pay his grooms or "Ginnies" as they are called, the boy who exercises the horse every morning, the person who walks him, or cools him out after exercise or racing, the blacksmith (thoroughbreds don new racing plates for each race) and last but not least the feed bills.

The latter is no small item since a horse in training may burn up as much as 20 pounds of hay and 11 quarts of oats each day with supplemental minerals and vitamins.

In addition to the \$7 he turns over to the trainer each day the horse's owner is responsible for registering his racing colors, paying the jockey fees and the entry fees. No wonder he looks a little harassed as his animal parades to the starting gate.

It is unanimously agreed that an owner can count himself lucky if he breaks even in the racing game. But even those who go "in the hole" seem to come back for more.

"It gets into your blood," one racing stalwart explained. And he added "besides, it isn't the till that counts — it's the thrill".

- The editor is in hot water . . . and because of *cold* water, no less.

In the last Bulletin, he referred to the sulphur springs near our '57 campsite as *hot* sulphur springs. Apparently the springs are anything but that. Whereas they do contain sulphur, they are cold—and really cold. And, according to reliable authorities, they intend to stay that way.

As a result, our dreams of steam heating at Panther River camp went by the boards. This meant we had to continue poking our tepee fires at night and heating the big Doughnut tent by the traditional campfire.

Camp Prints Its Own Newspaper!



THIS YEAR, the official six-day trail ride provided an unprecedented innovation. With a cavalcade of over 80 riders, the long single file system, adopted after leaving trailhead, resulted in a complete lack of news on what was happening — up front or behind! It was impossible for the whole contingent to keep up to date on the "Doings of the Day". Such was the problem! The result? — the decision to publish a daily bulletin on the affairs of Tepee Town at large. Such was the birth of the famous (or infamous) Panther Creek Chronicle!

The power of women — or the press — should never be underestimated! The wise men shuddered! The practical jokers approved . . . the horses laughed!

Chuckles echoed all the way up to Harrison Lake when the Panther Creek Chronicle went to press July 20th, 1957! Pearl Borgal and June Duncan, co-editors of the "Rag", enjoyed a busman's holiday, gathering news-worthy stories from the exuberant

reporters! All members were asked to report unusual or interesting events to the press room, located in Turtle Tepee. The evening assembly in the Doughnut provided ideal grounds for delivering the "Extra". Some of the scoops were so hot off the press spectators hardly needed the usual bonfire! After burning the midnight oil the two printers (devils) were avoided like the hoof and mouth disease! The cowboys especially found the "Gossip Column" too timely — and factual to ignore!

Unlike the reporters of some papers, editors of the Panther Creek Chronicle found themselves in the enviable position of having the entire roster supplying newsworthy tid-bits!

The Chronicle was a financial flop but found many friends. We have it straight from the horses' mouth that the editors plan an "Off the Trail" edition for members of the six-day ride.



The native scenery of our Panther River itinerary was further enhanced by this attractive group of young ladies who travelled to the Canadian Rockies with their escort, Miss Elizabeth G. Smith, of Jenkintown, Pa. In addition to distinguishing themselves in the saddle, the girls also displayed outstanding talent at the campfire gatherings.

NO INSTRUMENT OF TORTURE

Slumber on a Bed of Boughs

by F. W. E. ROUND

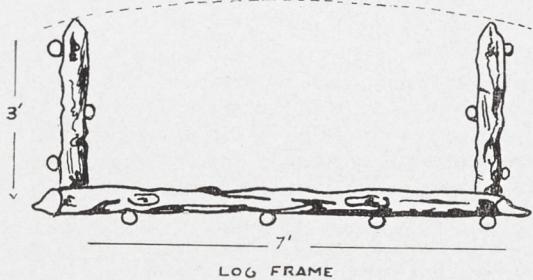
ARTICLES and fiction on the "great-out-of-doors" often dwell at great length on the joys of slumber on a bed of boughs. Even our own Trail Ride Bulletin, and the pamphlets on the Ride, are very prone to the use of glowing terms in describing nature's mattresses.

But many a Trail Rider has used other descriptive terms after a night on a lumpy pad of branches, with the stump of a three-inch spruce gnawing into the small of the back. And the romantic, pungent, odor of balsam or spruce can hardly compensate for utter discomfort at three a.m. Nor can the glamor of being so close to Nature prevent the weary and disillusioned early riser from casting envious glances at the happy smiling faces of the "sissy types", who included air mattresses or safari beds in their duffle!

Care and Planning

But a bough bed need not be an instrument of torture out of the Dark Ages. Like many other luxuries in life a comfortable bed can be made out of spruce or balsam branches with a little care and planning, a reasonable amount of work, and a bit of know-how.

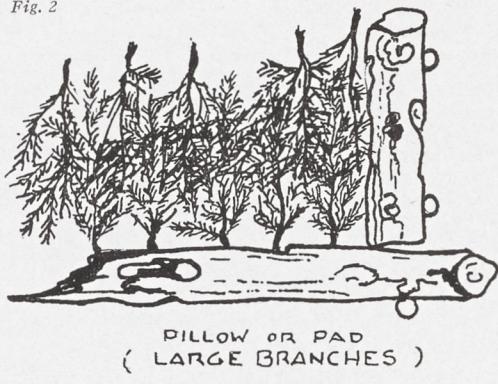
Fig. 1



The first and most important step is to gather spruce or balsam branches until you have enough for a good deep bed. Then go out and collect that many more again. To make a really top bed will take about an hour and a half, if you must collect your own branches, or about three quarters of an hour if good boughs are supplied. It is time well spent and well worth spending.

The first thing to do is to clear the bed site, removing rocks, sticks and stones and levelling it roughly.

Fig. 2



STEP 1 — Find a log about six inches through and about seven feet long, with two shorter pieces of the same diameter. Arrange these as the outer sides of the bed, the long piece near the fire or inside of the bunk and the two shorter lengths as head and foot-boards. Stake them down with short pegs as shown in *FIGURE 1*. This step may be omitted for a one or two night stay, but it is well worth the extra effort for a longer time in camp, as the logs support the bed and prevent it from sloping towards the fire.

STEP 2 — Sort the boughs carefully. Reject any that are not full and bushy, and any that may be wet or muddy. Sort them into large, medium and small. The best way to get small branches is to cut the tips from large bushy boughs with an axe or knife. These tips will have more life and spring than the small top boughs of the tree. Cut a good supply of the small tip or fronds.

STEP 3 — Using the large coarse boughs, form a pillow or pad at the head end of the bed, laying the branches curve down, with the cut ends on the ground. Make this pad about 12 to 14 inches deep and about 18 inches wide, with the branches at right angles to the length of the bed. (See figure 2).

STEP 4 — *The Spring*. Take the largest branches and lay the tops on the previously made pad. With the inner side of the *curve down*, thrust the coarse cut ends into the ground. Lay a row of them across the width of the bed keeping them even and allowing no holes. The pad will support the tops and the butts will be in the ground, with the branch at roughly 45 degrees to the ground. Place row upon row of these, thus forming

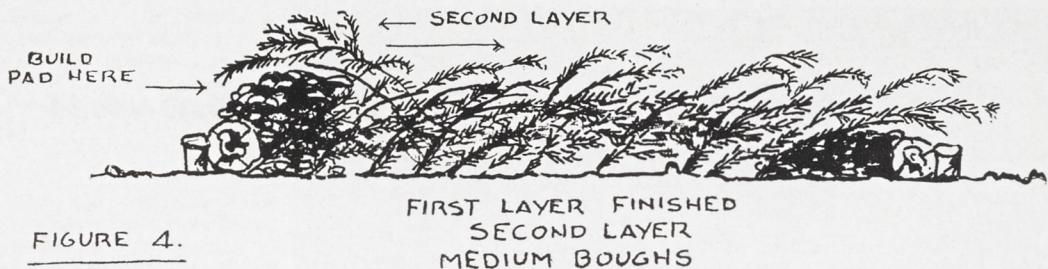


FIGURE 4.

the spring and under layer of the bed, until you have reached the foot. Each row will rest its softer top on the previous rows, while the thick stem and sharp cut end will be buried. (See Figure 3).

STEP 5 — The Inner Spring Mattress. After the spring is built take the slightly smaller branches and construct another pillow or pad across the first layer, but at the foot of the bed. Now spread a layer of branches as before, this time tucking the coarse ends into the first layer. Work back to the head of the bed, in the same manner as the initial layer. Make sure that no holes or thin spots are left. Make the branches

Fig. 3



firm and thick at the hip and shoulder level. (See Figure 4).

STEP 6 — Solid comfort. With the carefully selected tips, and soft branches, make a good large pillow at the head of the bed. The procedure in all layers is the same. Resting the tips of the boughs against the pillow, thatch a thick layer of soft tips across the bed. Now proceed to fill in the whole bed, row after row, of short soft branches firmly resting against each other, with the cut ends tucked securely into the preceding layer. Do not skimp on this final step, as your real comfort is at stake. Finish to the foot of the bed, but a word of warning — It takes many more of the small boughs than you suspect to give a solid, comfortable, final touch to the bed. (See Figure 5).

PAD 2.

FINAL LAYER
(SMALL TIPS)

FIGURE 5.

For those who have the time, the boughs and the inclination, an additional layer of soft tips may be added. If time does not permit this, the bed will be very comfortable for one, two, or more nights. If a camp is to be occupied for any time then the bed will gradually pack down. But the cure is simple. Just add an additional final layer whenever the bed becomes too solid. With regular additions such a bed will last a month or more, until the boughs shed their needles and the branches lose their resilience.

Happy dreams to all those who will follow these directions and will spend a few extra minutes to ensure their own comfort.



Pungent and picturesque as they are, the hand-made bough bed, unless expertly constructed, may cause restless nights for lighter sleepers and some discomfort for those who depend on their eight hours slumber for maximum efficiency the next day.

If you fall into this category and find you just never were meant to be a do-it-yourself artist, you may prefer something more conventional in the way of bedding . . . perhaps an inflating mattress or a safari portable cot.

Both these commodities, easy to pack and so easy to sleep on, have been used by trail riders on previous occasions, and praised by their users in glowing terms. Nor are you considered a softie if you bring one or the other along!

Inflating mattresses and safari cots can be purchased at most sports shops or in the sporting goods department of larger stores. And with reasonable care, they will last for many years.

NEW LAURELS FOR STUNT NIGHTERS!

There's No Business Like Show Business

by JUNE DUNCAN



IT MAY take a million dollars to complete a De Mille extravaganza . . . But it took only trail ride enthusiasm, and ingenuity to provide for the millions of laughs



Authoress June Duncan goes into her act. At right is Pearl Borgal, of Calgary. Howard Watkins, who emceed the show, is seen in background.

enjoyed by the audience attending the 1957 Stunt Nite.

The doughnut provided the theatre, with its star-sprinkled back-drop: the circular stage, the uneven and sometimes "treacherous" grassy floor. The footlights, giving warmth, as well as light, a blazing campfire. Logs replaced plush chairs for the receptive audience, while the Panther creek symphony, under the capable direction of "Sweet Potato" (known more casually as Spud Hromoda of Drumheller), kept songsters in key.

Stunt Nite activities on the six-day ride were organized and introduced by Howard Watkins, popular Emcee of the ride. In the fine old trail ride tradition, each tepee was requested to contribute one act to the last night's hilarious wind up. The lavish sets, props and scripts, components of these "deadline antics" were miraculously "invented" overnight.

Prior to show time, Tepee Town was deserted. Only the quiet strains of music issued forth from tent flaps, or the spontaneous mirth accompanied by a sharp . . . "Can't you see we're rehearsing" . . . Action behind closed doors prevailed until Howard Watkins rang the bell to summon the residents to get their reserved seats for the "Big Show".

Oldtimers in the Trail Ride organization are always amazed at the originality of stunt nite . . . and wonder how anything new could possibly show up. But so it does every year. The '57, six-day fun fest was no exception . . . opening with some choice harmony from Cliff Stivers and his "Pantherettes", a quartette consisting of Mrs. Rosemary Shafto, Jean Greig, Jean Bailey and Mrs. Bill Kain, a group that offered many pleasant musical memories to camp companions in doughnut sing songs.

"Radio City" was never like this, remarked one member of the appreciative male audience, when the "Bubblettes" made their debut! It was a combination (this is a pun, Nichols-style), of red long-johns, and plastic pantaloons that set the pace for this threesome "Girly" show. Donna Smale from Winnipeg, Mary Joe Voita from Oak Park, Ill., and Beverly Anne Barel of Birmingham, Mich., brought down the house with their Trail Ride rendition of "Gaiety Parisian!"

The fabulous group from the "Falls", looked great as they fell with carefree abandon from youngest, to largest, in a parody on their home town.

In a clever bit of verse, Jean Greig and Marjorie Hunt of Calgary, introduced "Dauntless Desmond", the six-foot-seven cow-puncher, and his massive cayuse, "Cyclone". Marjorie finally fell down on the



King-sized schnozzle sported by Marshall Diverty is admired by retiring president, LaVera Fuerst. Missing is Marshall's perennial cigar. Maybe beak makes up for it.

Group of Lib Smith's charmers add decorative touch to spectator's row during annual campfire fun-fest. The talented teeners excelled as performers.

A bit of oldtime drama starring Drs. Leishman and Mudry added spice to the program. Dr. Mudry was official camp physician on five-day ride.



job as Cyclone when Desmond (played by Jean), jumped into the saddle unexpectedly. Needless to say, the audience was charged with uncontrollable laughter.

The stage took on a serious note as the cast for "Anthropological Introspection" took their places. Dr. Mike Strachan, garbed in flowing robes, read the findings of his archeological studies on the body of a cowboy, to his studious proteges Alistair Shafto, Charles Riley and Patrick Ion. The time was 2,000 years from Trail Ride time, the body, none other, to the horror of the bobby-sox gang, but Gunsight! The problem lay in the discovery of what this man was in his day. The inevitable autopsy followed with Rosemary Shafto as our hilarious Florence Nightingale. Mike, in charge of the operation, revealed a lasso, horse shoes, spurs, and the various accoutrements designed to keep a cowboy in business. Following the side-splitting narration by Dr. Strachan, Gunsight (played by Dr. Shafto, official M.D. on the ride), raised from his death bed and retreated from the doughnut . . . leaving a number of onlookers still wondering if it was Gunsight, or all a hoax.

A song from the Sultry Sulphur Springettes brought laurels to the youngest "femmes fatales" on the ride, and ushered in the beat of the tom-toms from the

(Continued on page 15)

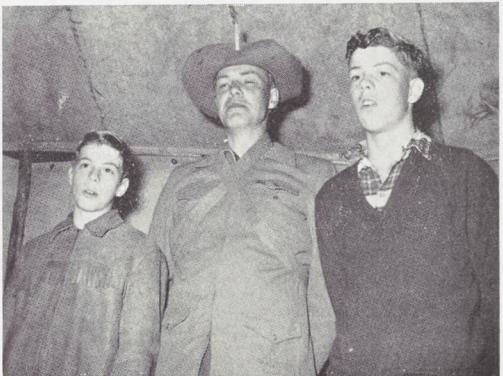
Richard W. Herzer, of Montreal, with sons Bill and Ricky, makes act a family affair. It was good too.



Knotty but nice.



Cliff Stivers, left, directs chorus.



Picture Highlights of the Big Revue



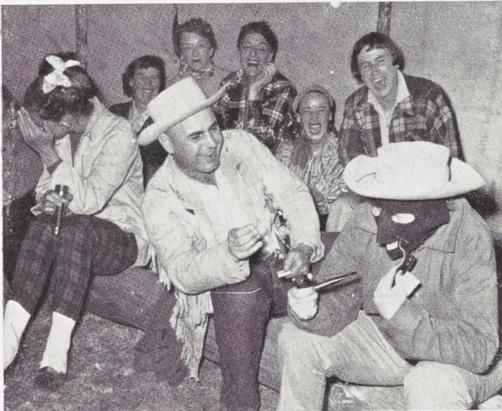
SCENES FROM BIG REVUE



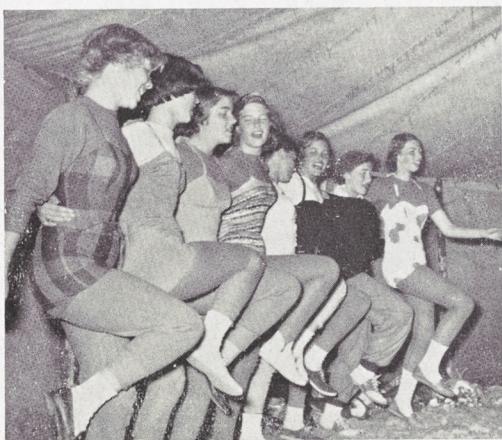
Alistair Shafto takes a few trial strums on the guitar as Emil Yursek assumes the role of instructor. Looking on are Dr. and Mrs. Maxwell Shafto. Dr. Shafto was official camp physician on the six-day ride.



Two central figures in the Doughnut spotlight — Claude Brewster, the association's outfitter, and Pearl Borgal, of Calgary. Miss Borgal played leading role in campfire program.



The veiled mystery, LaVera Fuerst, retiring president, is offered a light by a smiling Jim Barber. Regardless of what may happen, LaVera seems assured of support from her colleagues.



High-stepping chorines add a lively touch to Stunt Night proceedings. Costumes represent imagination and effort of youthful performers. As might be expected, the chorus received a big hand from the audience.

SHOW BUSINESS

(Continued from page 13)

Anderson Tribe from Great Falls. Charles Anderson narrated, as the "Tribal Five" gave forth with a beat that would have sent any Indian on the war path.

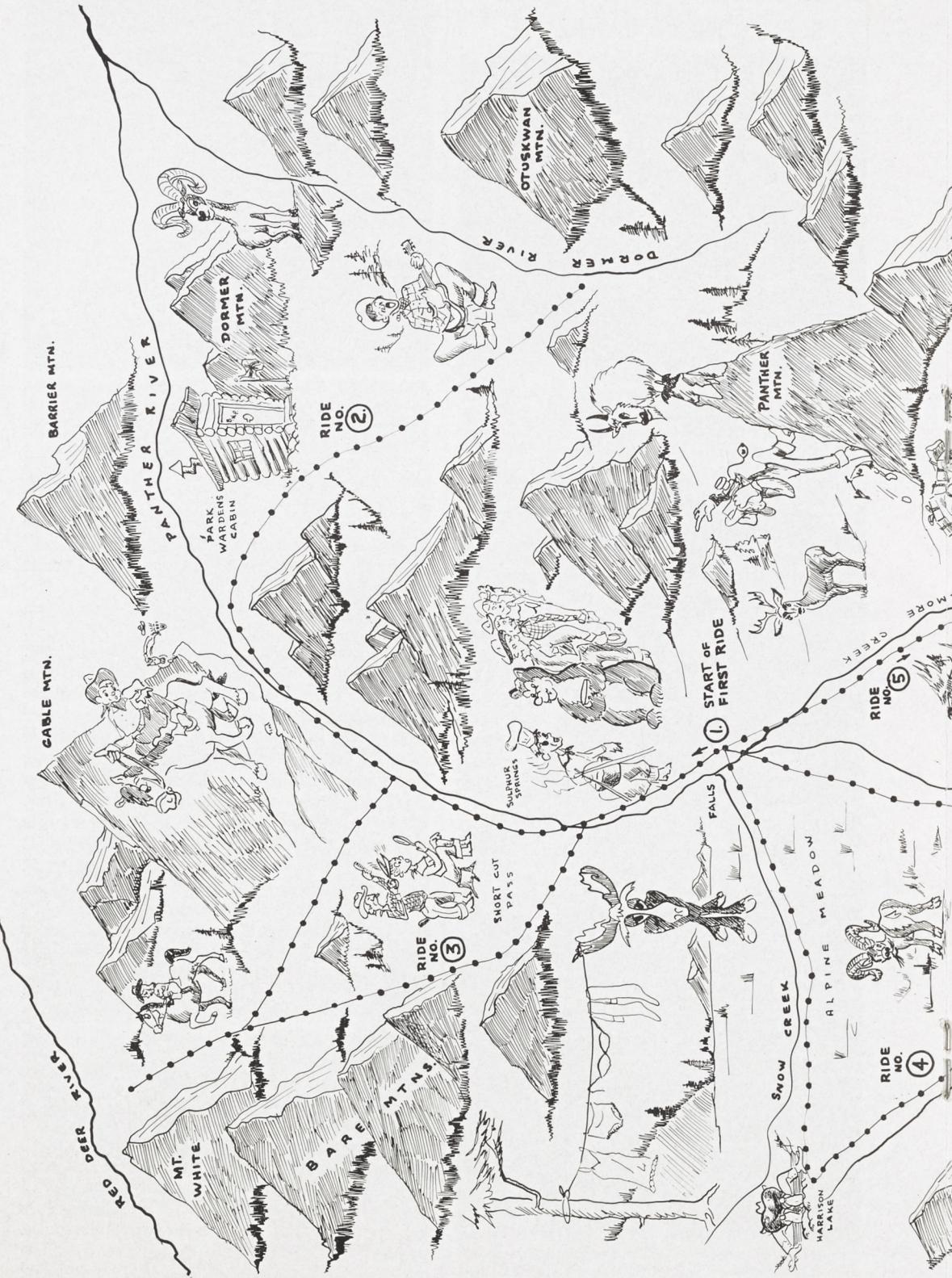
The marked note of a return to civilization was felt when Television Station TEPE-TV, moved on stage, for an actuality broadcast. The audience was taken into confidence in a "You Were There" manner. A program designed to show what went on behind the canvas of Turtle Tepee when the Panther Creek Chronicle went to press. Co-Editors, Pearl Borgal and June Duncan, along with star reporter, Frankie Bambrick, from Montreal, shared the TV spotlight, while Jim Barber, dressed in a blue bathing-suit, wig and hula skirt, proceeded to show what happens when a dude goes "native"!

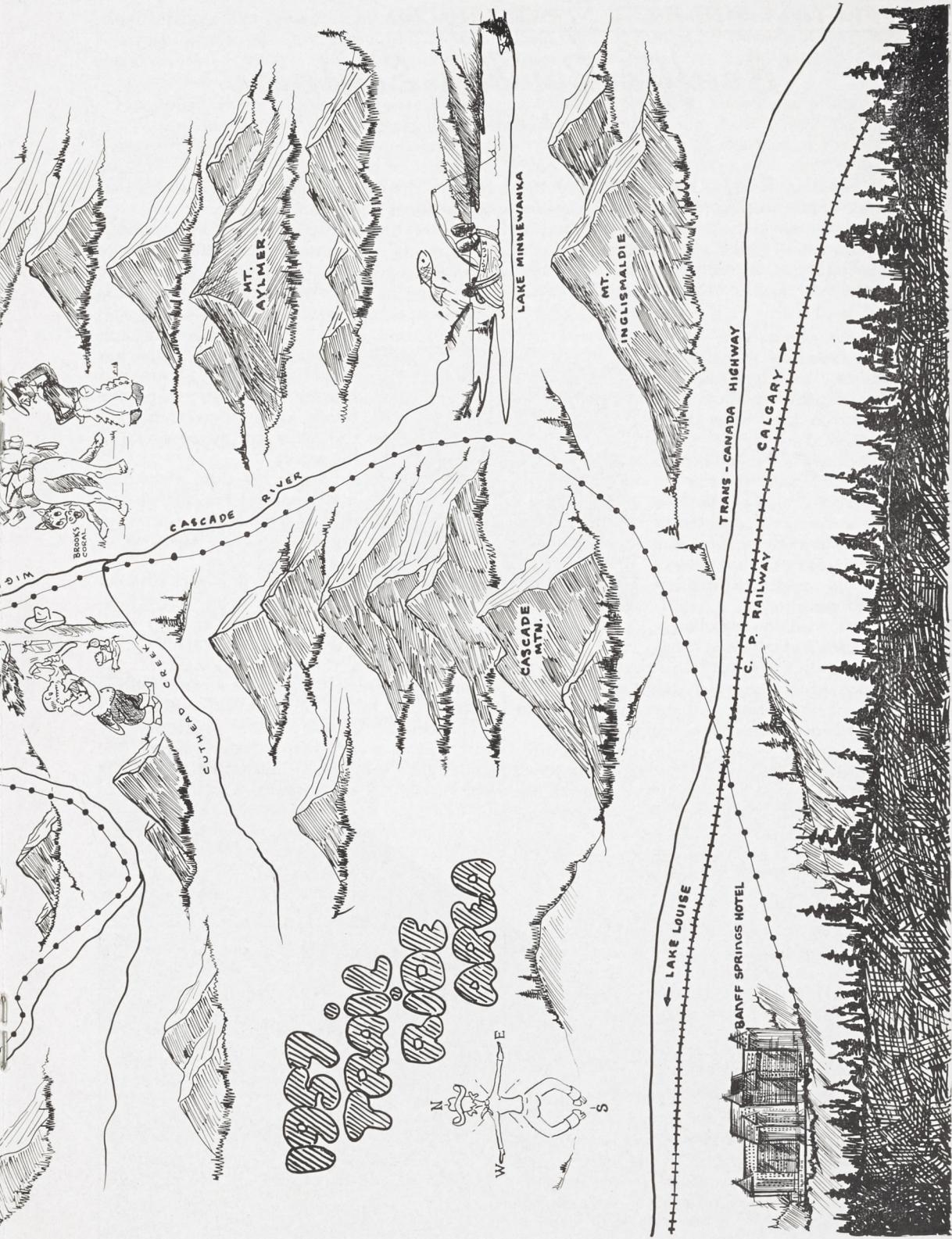
The highlight of an exceptional evening of entertainment, was provided by the very clever Kain family from York, Pa., in their puppet act of "Riddle Guide Redding Good" . . . (or Little Red Riding Hood), a beautiful piece of satire most ably given by young Carol, the puppets cleverly portrayed by the Kain family en masse.

Ray Bagley charmed his way into the hearts of new Trail Riders and old alike as he recited such perennial favorites as the Bulgy Squaw and The Brewster Cayuse.

An address of appreciation by LaVera Fuerst, very popular president of the 1957 trail ride season, was followed by a few words by Fred Laidlaw. The messages included a vote of thanks to the outfitter's staff, camp cook and helpers, musicians, master of ceremonies and others who contributed to the wonderful success of the six-day ride.

The Trails We Rode Last Summer





AFFECTION FOR WEST NEVER COOLED

Banff's Cowboy-Sculptor

by NINA LeBOUTILLIER



The Canadian Rockies have long been the habitat of interesting and talented peoples particularly in the field of fine arts. And in the quietness of Banff's mountains lives one whose skill as a sculptor has won him international fame. His name is Charlie Beil.

There's something of a dual personality in Charlie's make-up, making him at once artist and cowboy. He commenced his career as a ranch hand when a young fellow down in Nevada. And his deep affection for the old west never cooled in the face of his subsequent success in the creative field. On the contrary, the west has always been his major source of inspiration.

It was while he was handling horses and cattle in those days with different outfits in that vast range country, he commenced dabbling with the hobby of modelling and creating what he observed into clay.

The turning point in his course of life, however, occurred while he was working as a guide in Glacier National Park, during the summer of 1921. Here, he met the famous painter of cowboy and western scenes, Charles Russell, who advised him to take up sculpture as a livelihood, instead of just as a hobby.

Studied in California

Several years were subsequently spent with the artist Russell in Montana, and during the winters, Mr. Beil studied sculptoring in California. His work became well-known and his commissions increased. Among important persons he was commissioned to work for, were Will Rogers, William S. Hart and William Wrigley, Jr. Some of his works are in the permanent collection of the Will Rogers Museum.

Charlie Beil believes in travelling with his eyes open for take-home-ideas to be later re-created into clay, bronze, or what-have-you! It was while he was on a horseback jaunt to the Canadian Rockies in 1930 that he fell under the spell and charms of Banff. He decided to make his home there, and still

lives in the house he built on the south side of the Cave and Basin Road.

One of the most significant factors about Beil, is his unassuming mien and initiative for creative design. He never is given to whipping up something purely ornamental; he doesn't belong to any bearded coterie;

he is simply a pure artist and master sculptor. Whether working with clay, granite or bronze, the creative, sensitive touch and understanding of the artist are apparent in all his works.

One of his chief ambitions is to dedicate his talents and skill as a sculptor to preserving the life and customs of the early days. Art and sculpturing is a sort of worship with Charlie, whose work has close kinship with the past and present.

Nowhere has the historical past of the western plains been depicted to more striking effect, than in his large mural diorama of "The Buffalo Chase", which illustrates the early days when the buffalo roamed the prairies. Prominently displayed in the art section of the Norman Luxton Indian Museum at Banff, it shows two Indians on horseback with bow-and-arrows chasing buffalo across the plains into the deep pound, to be later slaughtered for food.

Another outstanding piece, is "The Range



Sculptor at work

MILEAGE BUTTONS

Trail Ride mileage buttons can be procured on application to the Secretary-Treasurer in Banff.

The buttons, styled for both men and women, are classified and priced as follows:

Bronze.....	50 miles on trail	\$2.50
Silver.....	" "	3.50
Silver Enamel.	" "	4.00
Gold.....	" "	5.00
Gold Enamel.	" "	6.00
Full Enamel...	" "	6.00

Rider", which was presented by the Calgary Kiwanis Club to the late Viscount Bennett, and was later willed to the Society for Promotion of Arts in London.

His noted works include a bronze plaque of "A trail horse with mountains and pine trees in the background", commemorating the late Dr. John Murray Gibbon, founder of the Trail Riders of the Canadian Rockies. This was commissioned by the members and was unveiled in July 1952, at an impressive committal service at Banff.

His workshop has produced bronzes for many distinguished commissions, such as the prairie schooner crossing the plains in the days of the overland trail, and showing the deeply rutted trail over which four yoke of oxen hauled a covered wagon, accompanied by the bull whacker and his wife.

Many of the bronze trophies for the Calgary Stampede have been commissions of Charlie Beil, one famous example being "The Chuck Wagon Race", including four horses, covered wagon, out-rider and driver.

He has done commissions too for The Calgary Power Company, Royal Canadian Mounted Police, murals for Bill Heurn at Calgary, and Jim Cross has recently commissioned him to do a bronze buffalo for the Calgary Brewery.

Charlie Beil, whose animal bronzes are real works of art, seems to be blissfully happy in his work. He does all his own research, depending only on observation and

memory. When asked about his work, he says, he first makes his models in clay, then casts them in plaster of Paris, then a wax cast and lastly in bronze.

He has a thorough knowledge of anatomy and it is surprising how every detail is expressed . . . such as the fold of the attire, even the texture of the cloth, every hair on the head, and even every line in the skin. He seems also to catch the expression, a certain tilt of a head, the corners of the mouth or eyes, slight lifting of an eyebrow, which all combine to portray both the features and the personality of the subject.

Charlie Beil, who is married to a Banff girl, the daughter of Louis Luxton, of The Banff Indian Trading Post, has three children. The eldest is Charlie (Chuck) aged 15, Carol aged 13, and baby Lois, four-and-a-half years.

When the writer visited the Studio during July, the previous summer, Charlie had just returned home from attending the Calgary Stampede, as well as The Medicine Hat Rodeo and Stampede.

As a surprise gift and pet for his children, he brought back with him the famous little mule "Judy", formerly belonging to the popular "Slim Pickins", California Rodeo Clown at the Calgary Stampede.

Another souvenir, a memento from Medicine Hat, was a rattle snake, that he killed, before it had time to strike or even rattle.

Never a dull moment for Charlie Beil!



"The Buffalo Chase", by Charles A. Beil, is in the permanent art collection of the Norman Luxton Indian Museum, at Banff. It depicts the early days of thrilling buffalo hunts, when buffalo meat was the very staff of life for the Indians.

Rallying to the Trail Ride Colors!

Ready for the trail! Members of the first five-day ride — 52 strong — assemble at the corral. In addition to the usual number of regulars and newcomers, the cavalcade included 22 school girls under escort of Miss Elizabeth G. Smith, of Jenkintown, Pa.



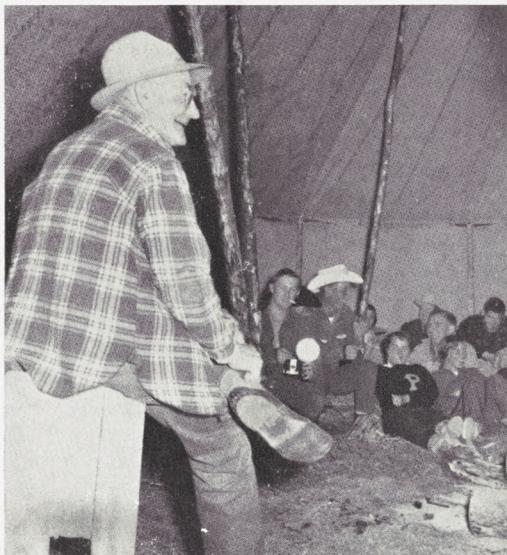
Big ride of the year — the six-day sortie that had the reservations list bursting at the seams. Passenger list of this ride included no fewer than 80 names — dudes and oldtimers. It was rumored that one of the cowboys had to walk, so great was the dudes' demand on horses!

"Uncle Ray" Bagley's Poems To Appear in Book Form

★ ★ ★

Ray Bagley, well-known and loved by all Trail Riders, was lauded on opening night of the '57 six day Trail Ride when the publication of his book of poems was announced.

Mr. Bagley, veteran Alberta rancher, pioneer, philosopher and poet, was brought



Ray Bagley, popular rancher-cowboy-poet, delights a campfire gathering with his recitations. His original works are to be published.

to the attention of the Calgary Branch of the Canadian Women's Press Club in the fall of 1956. An introduction of his verse impressed the group to the point where various publishing houses in Canada were considered to publish Mr. Bagley's works. Longman's Green of Toronto was approached, and accepted through R.A. Browne, manager of the company. February has been set as the official date to "go to press".

The book will be available to the public in June of '58, and Trail Riders will be offered copies prior to that date, autographed by "Uncle Ray" himself!

There's no doubt about it — especially considering the tremendous enthusiasm shown by members of the annual six-day ride that *every* Trail Rider will want a copy. So — watch your bulletins for further details on the Ray Bagley publication. The number of copies will be limited, so as soon as they are off the press, we will let you know!



Handy with the horses.



Spud and Jim offer a light.



Good companions.



Staff keeps in trim.

Postscript to a Trail Ride

by HELEN RAMSAY

• *A bright and breezy account of a bright and breezy trail ride — when the writer, a well-known trail rider, and her pals took off on a pack trip of their own. It was one of those rides where anything can happen and invariably does. And it happened in 1956!*

SOME PEOPLE are gluttons for punishment . . . or have rocks in their heads. Six days on a horse on the second Trail Ride are not enough to thoroughly satisfy our saddle aspirations . . . so . . . eight horse-back happy dudes . . . Marshall Diverty and Ruth Woolley from Woodbury N.J., LaVera Fuerst from Cincinnati, Bunny Robinson from Calgary, Jock Smith and Jean Pearson from Vancouver, and Marion Short and Helen Ramsay from Edmonton . . . plus an easy-going wrangler called Don, started off for five more days, from the warden's cabin at Eisenhower Junction, on the Banff-Lake Louise road, Saturday July 28th.

We left at 10 a.m., along the new and very rocky trans-Canada highway, destination Moraine Lake. First major stop was for lunch at Taylor Lake. This was provided by the dudes themselves, and consisted of fried chicken, cold ham, buttered brown bread, hard boiled eggs, fruit and cookies, washed down with a little mountain sparkling water. Then on to Moraine . . . miles and miles of mountain trail, unbruised, and apparently unblazed. Fortunately our guide Don had an axe so we could blaze our own trails (in case we got lost and had to return).

Sunny Alberta skies

Eventually we arrived at Moraine Lake, in the Valley of Ten Peaks after 23 miles (Brewster miles) of mountain scenery, made bright and beautiful by sunny Alberta skies. Instead of the posh cabins we settled for 3 Indian tepees, complete with no smoke flues, no door flaps, no air-mattresses. In the fog of blue smoke we slept on a very bumpy mattress, on a very lumpy terrain, in a very thin sleeping bag . . . with no blankets or tarps in case of rain and cold. Because the weather man was on our side . . . and because we were so trail weary . . . we slept.

Next day we took off . . . after a very hearty breakfast in the Moraine Lake Chalet . . . for Larch Valley. The trail wound along the mountain side, and the higher we climbed, the more vivid the turquoise blue

of Moraine Lake far below. Because the trail was lost six years ago . . . and our guide had never been over it before . . . we traversed hair-raising rock slides and snow piles. Half-way across the sheer side of the mountain, we were on foot leading the ponies because we were too scared to ride . . . we ran into some hikers who had the nerve to say "if you're going to walk, why do you carry a horse?" By that time, both riders and horses didn't know why we'd gone that way anyway!

Prowling bear mighty close

After sliding down the mountain below, with horse in hand, we had a much-needed spot of refreshment at Eiffel Lake. Afterwards we persuaded the guide to go back the easy way, through Larch Valley, a lower, less hazardous route to Moraine Lake, for another super meal at the chalet . . . another night in the tepees, with a prowling bear mighty close.

The third day we headed out for Lake Louise. After 10 miles of climbing (on an indescribable trail) to Paradise Valley, we arrived at the Trail Hikers camp . . . practically deserted . . . for the bunion-derbyists were derbying . . . except, of course, Gunsight, Graham, and a few would-be wranglers. After a refreshing cup of coffee . . . left over from the Trail Hikers' breakfast, and our own tasty lunch of fried chicken, carrot sticks, celery, dill pickles, six varieties of sandwiches with both butter and mayonnaise, cookies and fruit . . . we had renewed energy to resume our trip to the Giant Steps. There we saw one of God's gifts to the camera enthusiasts, in this Paradise for photographers . . . only old Sol played hide and seek.

After due consideration of such beauty, and 101 photographs, we returned through the hikers' camp to Lake Louise. The last two miles were equivalent to 20 Brewster miles, and accompanied by paralysis of the hips, horse-ititis, and thirst-ititis. After a huge supper, we bedded down . . . and what a change a bed is to a tepee!

(Continued on page 24)

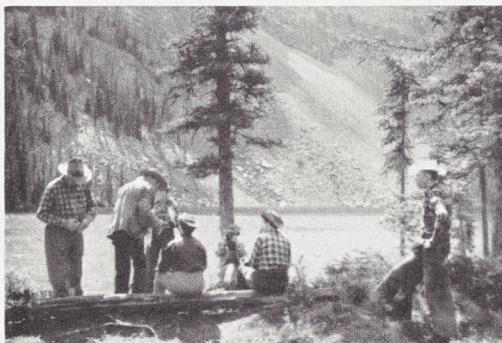
HAPPY HOURS ON A TRAIL RIDE OF THEIR OWN



Three principals of the five-day postscript ride (l to r): Bunny Robinson, LaVera Fuerst and Ruth Woolley. Camps were made at Moraine Lake, Lake Louise and Lake O'Hara.



Quintet at Ross Lake includes (l to r): Jean Pearson, Ruth Woolley, Bunny Robinson, Marion Short and Jock Smith. Majority of eight members had participated in main six-day ride.



Group stops for lunch at Ross Lake enroute from Lake Louise to Lake O'Hara. They arrived at O'Hara "after riding miles and miles over road only a jeep should travel."



Trail Riders enjoy majestic panorama on trail from Moraine Lake to Larch Valley. Such scenes kept camera shutters clicking at merry clip.



Horses enjoy respite at Eiffel Lake in the shadow of Wenckchemna Pass. Five-day postscript ride was a memorable adventure for the eight diehards who found the regularly scheduled rides all too brief. Their itinerary included stopover at Trail Hikers' camp in lush heart of Paradise Valley.

POSTSCRIPT TO A RIDE

(Continued from page 22)

The fourth day we set off early, but not so bright, for Lake O'Hara. The horses were co-operative. Like sheep they followed the guide. The riders went along for the gag. Lunch was eaten by the green waters of Ross lake. Then, after riding miles and miles over a rocky road only a jeep should travel, we arrived at Lake O'Hara, truly a mountain paradise, which only those who walk or ride, can enjoy. It's a place of indescribable beauty . . . with unbelievable color in the lake, surrounded by majestic mountain peaks, with foamy waters of Cataract Creek roaring their way down to Lake O'Hara.

After another delicious repast, it was announced there was no hay for the horses, no sheets, for the riders. So . . . we crawled in . . . complete with boots, long johns, jeans, and shirts . . . for a top o' the bed nap. (We're not sure what the horses did for a meal . . . but we do know that Jock gathered scraps of meat and potatoes and pie from everyone at supper time to feed to his own special mount). We were rudely awakened at 10.30. It was the gals with the sheets! We'd already been sleeping like logs . . . in the usual dude fashion, curled in a blanket. However, we got up and allowed them to make our beds . . . proper-like.

Rigid schedule disrupted

All too early in the morning, we ordered our usual Trail Riders breakfast . . . juices, mush, flapjacks, bacon, eggs, toast, and coffee. Someone got in the way of our breakfast as it was leaving the kitchen . . . result . . . a horrible crash, as our breakfast landed on the floor . . . and bang went Marshall's rigid schedule. Now we'd *never* make our morning's destination by our appointed time.

One hour, hundreds of larches, one marmot, and many rocky climbs later, we did reach Lake McArthur. In spite of the lack of sunshine, we could still feel the enchantment that Trail Rider and painter Carl Rungius captured on canvas many years ago . . . the breathtaking turquoise blue of the lake we'll never forget.

On arrival back at O'Hara, another fine lunch put us in the spirit for our return trip, which ended at Wapta with further refreshment . . . much needed by one and all.

Yes, any dudes who would take such a five day ride . . . with or without a six day trail ride beforehand, must love either horses or trail riding, be lens louses . . . or have rocks in their heads!



Some trail riders just can't get enough of the trails. So, when the annual rides are over, they organize little cavalcades of their own. Here, members of a "postscript ride" of two years ago, relax on a grassy meadow, fanned by the cool breath of a nearby glacier!

Man Friday for Dudesses; Feels It's Time for Change

★ ★ ★

THE FOLLOWING letter, written by one of our numbers who prefers to remain anonymous (for security reasons) may be of interest to other members feeling the same way about it.

Dear Sir:—

Last July 18th, filled with anticipation of the coming Trail Ride and thoughts of six grand and glorious days of rest and relaxation, I was offered a lift, and accepted, a ride to Banff by two, to coin a new word, "Dudesses".

We started our journey — an hour late — but not before I was requested to carry their accumulated paraphernalia to the car and pack it just so.

Arriving at our destination and going through T. R. formalities, I immediately set forth down the road to meet old friends and partake of refreshments, as it was such a hot day and a bit dry. However, the Dudesses, bless them, wanted refreshments too, but not there, and again I was asked to help carry most of their luggage to their abode. Later I was requested to show them the better eating establishments and was given the task of jingling the telephone early the next morning as they didn't want to miss the bus.

All this, Sir, was before the ride started, so you can imagine, endlessly, what took place when we at last arrived into camp in the wilds of Panther Creek.

Besieged by "Dudesses"

I was immediately besieged by the Dudesses but must admit they did erect their own air mattresses, etc., only, I assume, after pouring over "Camping" columns in outdoor life periodicals. Miraculously, civilized appliances and accessories began to appear. I found — within easy reach — can openers, bottle openers, ginger ale, tins of various fruit juices to be mixed with that palate pleasing element flowing past our front door. Not being a procrastinator I immediately took the hint for I didn't want the dudesses to get blisters.

That evening, with fire roaring famously, the fuel supply dwindled low. I was elected to chop wood, and, also, to open more cans, and bottles of ginger ale to be mixed with "Good Old Panther".

The next morning, after being given the honor the night before, I conveyed to the dudesses whilst they were still snor — I mean sleeping, steaming hot cups of coffee. Apparently they had to feel refreshed to walk "the mile" to the ablution stands.

Sir, this went on for the duration of camp. Of course there were many other small insignificant jobs done too for the Dudesses, too numerous to mention here.

I am writing this letter to you with the hope you will do anything in your power to prevent young fellows like me falling into the power of helpless dudesses during our annual camp.

Perusing last year's T. R. list I was amazed to find 63% were ladies. Would it be possible to secure more fellows to even up the score? Maybe if you could reverse the situation we could get the dudesses to chop our wood, etc.

If something isn't done soon we will be shoo-ed out of camp altogether. Then all that will be left is "Night Herding".

Yours for fewer dudesses,
(name omitted for security)



Prime target for camera's eye (above) is Jim Renwick shown with fine display of trout caught during fishing jaunt on the trail of '57. It was a good year for anglers.



Family groups like the Herzer foursome are becoming more and more frequent on the trail ride roster. Shown here on their tepee "doorstep" are Mr. and Mrs. Richard W. Herzer, with their sons Bill and Ricky.



A trail ride in the Canadian Rockies is the last place you'd expect to enjoy your first taste of octopus meat. However, that's just what youngsters here are about to experience!

IT'S MOUNT ASSINIBOINE

(Continued from page 3)

mer's rides — right in the heart of the good old summertime.

Once again the association will offer three five-day rides and one of six days' duration, to be held as follows: Friday through Tuesday, July 11-15; Friday through Wednesday, July 18-23; Friday through Tuesday, August 8-12 and August 15-19.

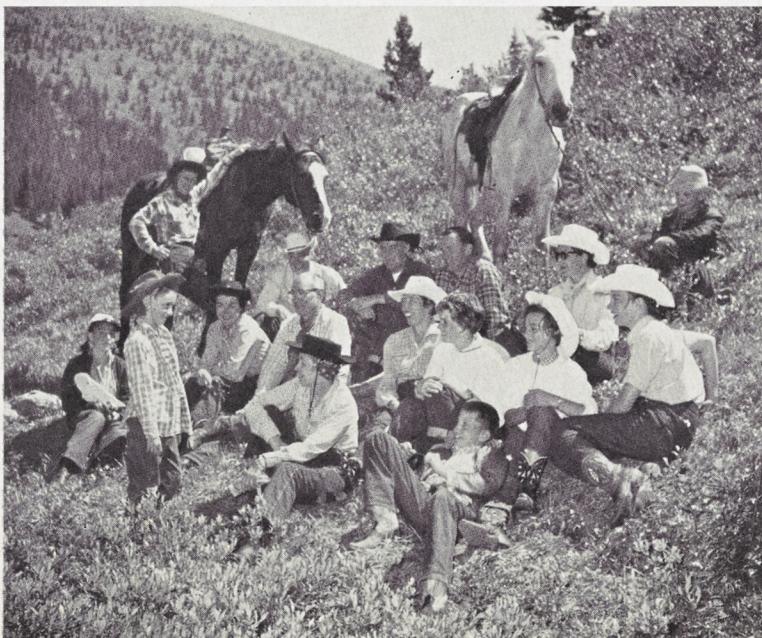
Cost of all five-day rides will be \$80.00 while the six-day trip has been tagged at \$90.00. This includes horse, saddle equipment, tepee accommodation, meals, gratuities and transportation of duffle between Banff and camp, both ways.

Tyros are welcome

While we're on the subject, it might be well to remind prospective members that age and riding ability are no object! We have had them from eight to eighty. Younger fry, however, should be accompanied by a parent or guardian.

So there you have it, Trail Riders and prospective members. The scenery's right and the dates are right. With Mount Assiniboine as the main attraction, we're expecting a bigger-than-ever turnout. The earlier we receive your application, the better chance you have of being accommodated on the ride of your choice.

Further information can be had by writing the Secretary-Treasurer, Trail Riders of the Canadian Rockies, Room 294, Windsor Station, Montreal, Que.



New August Trail Rides Off to Successful Start



THE August rides are here to stay!

That was the immediate verdict following the success of the two five-day "trial trips" which took place last summer August 9-13 and August 16-20.

Though small in numbers in contrast to the two big July rides, the August inaugurations were extra long on enthusiasm, good fellowship and scenic thrills. And as a result of their limited enrolment, there was equipment to spare and super-service for everyone!

To vary the scenic diet, the outfitter sprung an eleventh-hour surprise on the small band of riders comprising the second August contingent, by leading them into the majestic Assiniboine country. The first group of Augusters camped in the broad valley of the Panther, in the hoofsteps of their July predecessors.

Though weather on the little Assiniboine ride was fickle, it failed to dampen the high spirits pervading the ranks in camp and on the trail. Photos of Mt. Assiniboine, as seen through a Christmassy background of falling snow, were brought back by several exuberant members of the cavalcade.

To mark the occasion, each member of the two August rides was presented with a membership card bearing the inscription "Pioneer August Ride", in red type, along with a 50-mile bronze button. It is hoped

that the August pioneers may ultimately become as distinguished a group as those who set the trail ride ball in motion 35 years ago!

It is hoped that members will patronize the newly inaugurated rides and help them attain success and popularity.

Great Falls had an enthusiastic representation on the six-day ride—14 in all from the Montana city. Group includes Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Anderson, with Leslie, Ellen and Sue; Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Bertsche, Jr., and Jon; Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Bovey, and Ford; Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Stephenson and Anne.

Pow-Wow Is Fitting Finale



ONCE again the annual pow-wow proved itself a fitting climax to two wonderful rides—the five-day trip, July 12-16, and the record-smashing six-day ride of a week later.

As in the past, the big wind-up was held in the "Doughnut" assembly tent, which had been rushed the same day from camp to its temporary location on the athletic grounds of Banff Springs Hotel. It followed a delightful chuck-wagon style supper, served by the outfitter and his staff, on the hotel campus.

Attending the pow-wow were the majority of six-day riders, attired in their familiar trail ride garb, Lib Smith and her girls, who had brightened the scene on the five-day ride and at Kananaskis Ranch, as well as many friends of the association.

The program opened with an address of welcome by J. Kipling, assistant superintendent of the National Parks, through whose courtesy the association is permitted to make use of the trails for our annual rides.

This was followed by a selection of songs, in close harmony, by the "Lib Smith Choristers" whose talents were applauded

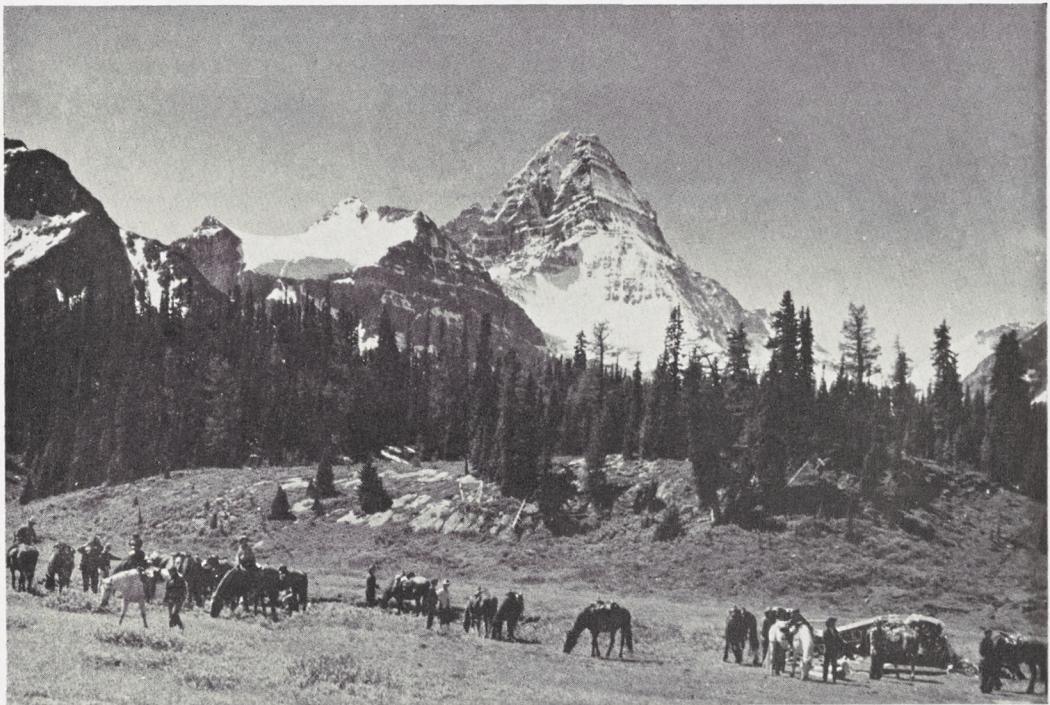
as enthusiastically by the pow-wow audience as those who heard them perform at nightly sing-songs in camp.

Next on the program came the introduction of past presidents, of whom there were several present, with Marshall Diverty, himself a past president, doing the honors.

Presentation of the Townsend Trophy, that time-honored oscar awarded for the best photo taken on the ride of that year, was made to the winner, Jim Barber, of Calgary, the first to win the prize with a color entry. Presentation of the coveted silver cup, awarded annually since 1929, was made by Tillie Knight.

The Townsend presentation was followed by an address by Fred Laidlaw, who announced names of the newly elected officers. And no pow-wow would be complete, of course, without a recitation or two by our own poet-laureate, Uncle Ray Bagley, who received a big hand from all present.

The program concluded with a farewell address by LaVera Fuerst, of Cincinnati, retiring president, who expressed her appreciation for the co-operation she had received from all during her term of office.



This will be a familiar sight for members of next summer's trail rides. Camp will be set up in the shadow of 11,870-ft. Mount Assiniboine, whose snow-clad peak dominates above scene.

• ON THE CAVALCADE OF '57 •

Five-Day Trail Ride No. 1 — July 12-16

ALGER, Ross P., 735 — 8th Ave. W., Calgary, Alta.
 CALHOUN, Harold F., Tappen, B.C.
 DEAN, Miss Jo, 1060 Mill Road Circle, Jenkintown, Pa.
 DOULL, Mrs. Norman, P.O. Box No. 956, Lloydminster, Sask.
 ELLIS, Miss Barbara, 35 Westwood Rd., West Hartford, Conn.
 FENNELL, Kieth C., 1043 Alder St., Eugene, Ore.
 FENNELL, Mrs. Kieth C., 1043 Alder St., Eugene, Ore.
 FENNELL, Randy, 1043 Alder St., Eugene, Ore.
 FISHER, Miss Bonnie, 1301 Huntingdon Rd., Abington, Pa.
 GIFFIN, Miss Sydney Ann, 28 Chapman Rd., West Hartford, Conn.
 GLEDSON, Neil, 47 Moor Cresc., Newcastle, England.
 GORDON, Miss Virginia, 465 Merion Rd., Merion, Pa.
 GRIBBELL, Miss Natalie, 3700 Buck Rd., Huntingdon Valley, Pa.
 HAMILTON, Miss Evelyn, 341 Skippack Pike, Whitemarsh, Pa.
 HARRIS, Miss Elizabeth, 908 Merion Square Rd., Gladwynne, Pa.
 HARRISON, Miss Tunia, Anton Rd., Wynnewood, Pa.
 HARTUNG, Miss Toni, P.O. Box 57, Hatboro, Pa.
 HERZER, Richard W., 266 Glengarry Ave., Town of Mt. Royal, Que.
 HERZER, Mrs. R. W., 266 Glengarry Ave., Town of Mt. Royal, Que.
 HERZER, Bill, 266 Glengarry Ave., Town of Mt. Royal, Que.
 HERZER, Ricky, 266 Glengarry Ave., Town of Mt. Royal, Que.
 HIGH, Miss Lucretia, 1368 Barrowdale Rd., Jenkintown, Pa.
 HROMADA, Albert, Nacmine, Alta.
 JOYCE, Wallace R., 306 Rose Park Drive, Toronto, Ont.
 JUSTICE, Miss Ann, Boxwood Rd., Rosemont, Pa.
 JUSTICE, Miss Gail, Boxwood Rd., Rosemont, Pa.
 KALB, Miss Sara, 1730 Montgomery Ave., Villanova, Pa.
 KALINA, John E., 7536 De La Roche St., Montreal, Que.
 KNOWLES, Mrs. L. J., Tyrone Farm, Pomfret, Conn.
 LAIDLAW, Fred L., RR #6, Lulu Island, Vancouver, B.C.
 LAKE, Birchy, 287 Hamilton Rd., St. Johns, Nfld.
 LEISHMAN, Dr. J. D., 802 Medical Dental Bldg., Regina, Sask.
 LEITH, Miss Jeanie, Golf House Rd., Haverford, Pa.
 LONGSHORE, Miss Marcia, 1334 Fairacres Rd., Jenkintown, Pa.
 MARSHALL, Miss Pauline, 316 Orchard Way, Wayne, Pa.
 MAWSON, Miss M. A., 2818 Bloor St. W., Toronto, Ont.
 MUDRY, Dr. Walter J., 109 Hudson Rd., Calgary, Alta.
 MacLAREN, Miss Julia Tuck, Tyrone Farm, Pomfret, Conn.
 PREWITT, Miss J., Wallingford, Pa.
 RAINBOW, S. "Bill", The Croft, Adderstone Cresc., Newcastle, England.
 READ, Miss Linda, Pine Ridge Farm, New Britain, Pa.
 RICHARDS, Miss Patricia, Woodley, Villanova, Pa.
 ROBERTS, Miss Susan, 11 Elsway Rd., Short Hills, N.J.
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 SHARPE, Miss Betty, 3525 Haultain Rd., P.O. Box 124, Saskatoon, Sask.
 SHARPE, Miss Eleanor, P.O. Box 124, Saskatoon, Sask.
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 WHITSON, Miss Marsha, Westbury Rd., Jenkintown, Pa.
 WILDE, Miss Nancy, High Lawn, Lenox, Mass.
 ZIMMERMAN, Miss Debbie, Lazy Creek Farm, Lansdale, Pa.

Five-Day Trail Ride No. 2 — Aug. 9-13

BAILEY, Miss Josephine M., 7602 — 115 St., Edmonton, Alta.
 ELLIOTT, Dr. G. B., 624 — 47 St., Calgary, Alta.
 HALLIDAY, Miss Kay A., 140 — 32 Ave. N.E., Calgary, Alta.
 KNIGHT, Miss Ethel, P.O. Box No. 148, Banff, Alta.
 MacDONALD, Miss Patricia C., 1040 Hamilton St., New Westminster, B.C.
 NEELANDS, Hamilton, 10043 — 89 Ave., Edmonton, Alta.
 ORR, Miss Val, 227 — 27 Ave. N.W., Calgary, Alta.
 SCOTT, Miss Florence M., 313 Brunswick Ave., Toronto 4, Ont.
 SHAND, Miss Monica, Ste. 203, 2547 Nelson Ave., South Burnaby, B.C.

• ON THE CAVALCADE OF '57 •

Six-Day Trail Ride — July 19-24

ANDERSON, Charles B., 2709 Third Ave. S., Great Falls, Mont.
 ANDERSON, Mrs. Chas. B., 2709 Third Ave. S., Great Falls, Mont.
 ANDERSON, Miss Ellen T., 2709 Third Ave. S., Great Falls, Mont.
 ANDERSON, Leslie B., 2709 Third Ave. S., Great Falls, Mont.
 ANDERSON, Miss Sue P., 2709 Third Ave. S., Great Falls, Mont.
 ARENDS, Miss Cora, 11037 — 85 Ave., Edmonton, Alta.
 BAILEY, Miss Jean B., 3389 Pine Cresc., Vancouver, B.C.
 BAMBRICK, Miss Frances, 2135 Dorchester St. W., Montreal, Que.
 BARBER, Jim, 1406 — 3 St. S.E., Calgary, Alta.
 BAREL, Miss Beverly Ann, 2770 E. Wattles Rd., Birmingham, Mich.
 BELL, Miss Margaret S., 611 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Ont.
 BENDIXEN, Mrs. Bette, 503 Beloit Ave., Berkeley, Cal.
 BERTSCHE, W. H. Jr., 1917 Fourth Ave. N., Great Falls, Mont.
 BERTSCHE, Mrs. W. H., 1917 Fourth Ave. N., Great Falls, Mont.
 BERTSCHE, Jon, 1917 Fourth Ave. N., Great Falls, Mont.
 BOLEBEC, Miss Betty, 1035 — West 14th Ave., Vancouver, B.C.
 BORGAL, Mrs. Pearl V., #2, 1032 — 17 Ave. W., Calgary, Alta.
 BOVEY, Chas. A., P.O. Box 1653, Great Falls, Mont.
 BOVEY, Ford, Box 1653, Great Falls, Mont.
 BRINE, Mrs. C. A., 9701 — 111 St., Edmonton, Alta.
 BRINE, Miss Nancy, 9701 — 111 St., Edmonton, Alta.
 BUDD, Miss Marjorie I., 25 Barnhart Apts., Calgary, Alta.
 CAMPBELL, Miss Faye, 8708 — 106 Ave., Edmonton, Alta.
 DANCS, Tibor, 338 Catherine St., Fort William, Ont.
 DIVERTY, Marshall H., 22 Euclid St., Woodbury, N.J.
 DUNCAN, Miss Elinor, 1206 Maple St., Vancouver, B.C.
 DUNCAN, Miss June, 501 Sunderland Ave., Calgary, Alta.
 FARR, Miss Jean L., 133 — B-24 Ave. N.E., Calgary, Alta.
 FELLOWS, Mrs. Verna, 2906 Centre St. N., Calgary, Alta.
 FLYNN, Mrs. J. E., 2019 — 34 St. S.W., Calgary, Alta.
 FORBES-LEITH, Miss Anne, 2513 — 5th St. N.W., Calgary, Alta.
 FUERST, Mrs. W. A., 5449 Hamilton Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.
 FULTON, Miss Frances L., 2668 S. Orchard, Los Angeles 7, Cal.
 GREIG, Miss Jean B., Ste. 8, 914-15th Ave. W., Calgary, Alta.
 HROMADA, Albert, Nacmine, Alta.
 HUNT, Miss Marjorie D., Ste. 6, 1704 — 12th St. N.W., Calgary, Alta.
 KAIN, William H., 119 E. Market St., York, Pa.
 KAIN, Mrs. William H., 119 E. Market St., York, Pa.
 KAIN, Bill, 119 E. Market St., York, Pa.
 KAIN, Miss Carol E., 119 E. Market St., York, Pa.
 KALINA, John E., 7536 De La Roche St., Montreal, Que.
 KNOWER, Miss Ellen M., c/o Doyle-Knower Co., Utica, N.Y.
 KOBELT, Miss Barbara, P.O. Box 78, Wallkill, N.Y.
 KRAUSE, Miss Freda, 1449-19 Ave. S.W., Calgary, Alta.
 LAIDLAW, Fred L., RR #6, Lulu Island, Vancouver, B.C.
 LAUDER, James B., Lauderdale Farm, Malton RR #3, Ont.
 LAUDER, Mrs. J. B., Lauderdale Farm, Malton RR #3, Ont.
 MILLER, Miss Rose, Ste. 8, 2265 Acadia Rd., University Hill, Vancouver, B.C.
 MOODY, Miss Eva, Tranquille, B.C.
 MCBAIN, Ben J., 10758 — 74 Ave., Edmonton, Alta.
 McINTYRE, Mrs. Muriel G., Ste. 6, 539 — 13 Ave. W., Calgary, Alta.
 McIVER, J. H., Two Hills, Alta.
 McVEIGH, Donald C., P.O. Box 160, Drumheller, Alta.
 NEWTON, Miss Mary, 2513 — 5 St. N.W., Calgary, Alta.
 NESBITT, Miss Cecile, 242 — 50 St. E., New York, N.Y.
 PARKER, Miss Martha M., 171 Lewiston Rd., Grosse Pointe Farms, Mich.
 PATRICK, Ion, 1102 Prospect Ave., Calgary, Alta.
 PRIESTLEY, Mrs. Elizabeth, Lt. 3, Foxgrove Ave., E. St. Paul, Winnipeg, Man.
 RENWICK, J. F., Toronto, Ont.
 RENWICK, Mrs. J. F., Toronto, Ont.
 RILEY, Charles C., 323 — 38 Ave. S.W., Calgary, Alta.
 RILEY, Mrs. R. C., 323 — 38 Ave. S.W., Calgary, Alta.
 SHAFTO, Dr. Maxwell, 123 — 26 Ave. W., Calgary, Alta.
 SHAFTO, Mrs. Maxwell, 123 — 26 Ave. W., Calgary, Alta.
 SHAFTO, Alistair, 123 — 26 Ave. W., Calgary, Alta.
 SMALE, Miss Donna, 137 Handsart Blvd., Tuxedo, Winnipeg 9, Man.
 SMITH, C. M., 2368 Bellevue Ave., West Vancouver, B.C.
 STEPHENSON, Miss Anne, 200 Third Ave. N., Great Falls, Mont.
 STEPHENSON, John D., 200 Third Ave. N., Great Falls, Mont.
 STEPHENSON, Mrs. John D., 200 Third Ave. N., Great Falls, Mont.
 STEWART, Miss Winifred M., 4535 Forest St., S. Burnaby, B.C.
 STIVERS, Clifford L., 50 Hart Rd., Barrington, Ill.
 STRACHAN, Dr. M., 1923 — 12 St. W., Calgary, Alta.
 VOITA, Miss Mary Jo, 229 N. Taylor Ave., Oak Park, Ill.
 WATKINS, Howard, 1617 Summer St., Calgary, Alta.
 WILSON, Charles W., 2853 Lorraine Ave., North Vancouver, B.C.
 WILSON, Mrs. Charles W., 2853 Lorraine Ave., North Vancouver, B.C.
 WOOLLEY, Miss Ruth, 38 Curtis Ave., Woodbury, N.J.

Facts for Prospective Trail Riders

Who are the Trail Riders?

The Trail Riders of the Canadian Rockies comprise an independent society of alpine enthusiasts of both sexes who each year hold four camps — of five and six days' duration — in the vicinity of Banff or Lake Louise.

Membership in the order is open to all, regardless of race, creed, color or profession.

What are their aims?

Principal aims of the society are to encourage horseback riding over the more remote trails of the Canadian Rockies, to encourage the construction of new trails and the maintenance and improvement of those already in use, to promote good fellowship, interest in wild life, and to co-operate with other organizations holding similar aims.

How are they governed?

Established in 1924 by the late John Murray Gibbon, of Montreal, the Trail Riders have their own constitution, executive officers, council, and various operating committees. A new slate of officers is elected annually, the office of President alternating each year between a Canadian and an American Trail Rider.

How is the camp conducted?

Trail Riders make their headquarters at a permanent camp from which a series of outstanding trails radiate. They set out each morning, lunch on the trail, and return to camp at nightfall for supper, singsong and campfire entertainment. Riders make their homes in tepees, artistically decorated by Indians of the local Stony tribe. Sleeping bags take the place of beds.

How do I join the annual ride?

To make application for any of the annual rides simply drop a note to the Secretary-Treasurer, Trail Riders of the Canadian Rockies, Room 294, Windsor Station, Montreal, Que., enclosing a deposit of \$10.00, and stating which of the rides you wish to attend. If you find it necessary to cancel your reservation on or before June 15 your deposit is refunded.

What is the cost of a ride?

Cost of the five-day and six-day rides are \$80.00 and \$90.00 respectively. This includes

horse and saddle equipment, tepee accommodation, meals in camp and on the trail, guide services, gratuities and transportation of duffle between Banff and camp, both ways.

The organization also has on hand a limited number of sleeping bags to rent for \$5.00 for the duration of the camp. Those who have their own, of course, are asked to bring them along.

How are applications considered?

Each of the rides is limited to 60 riders. It is only fair, therefore, that applications be accepted in order of their arrival. Members and prospective members should have their applications in before July 1. However, if vacancies still exist after that date further applications will be accepted.

What experience is required?

You don't need to be an expert or even a mediocre rider to join the organization. Some join the rides with little or no experience in the saddle. The horses are mild mannered, sure footed mountain cayuses which are noted for their dependability on the trails.

The cavalcade moves in single file at a slow walk, an average day's ride comprising 10 to 12 miles with frequent rest periods. Seated in a big western saddle with hand resting on saddle horn, even the greenest dude can watch the landscape in complete comfort and security. And if you happen to be weary some morning you can laze around camp all day without loss of face!

How do I become a member?

To be a full-fledged member of the organization you must have at least 50 miles of Rocky Mountain trail riding to your credit. This mileage can be acquired either with the Trail Riders themselves or independently.

Upon completion of a membership form and payment of the annual \$2.00 fee, you become a full-fledged member and are entitled to wear the button of the order, these varying with your accumulated mileage. (See page 18). As a member you are entitled to receive the Trail Rider's official magazine, issued during the year. You also become eligible for any office in the executive or council.

CAMERON CARTOONS

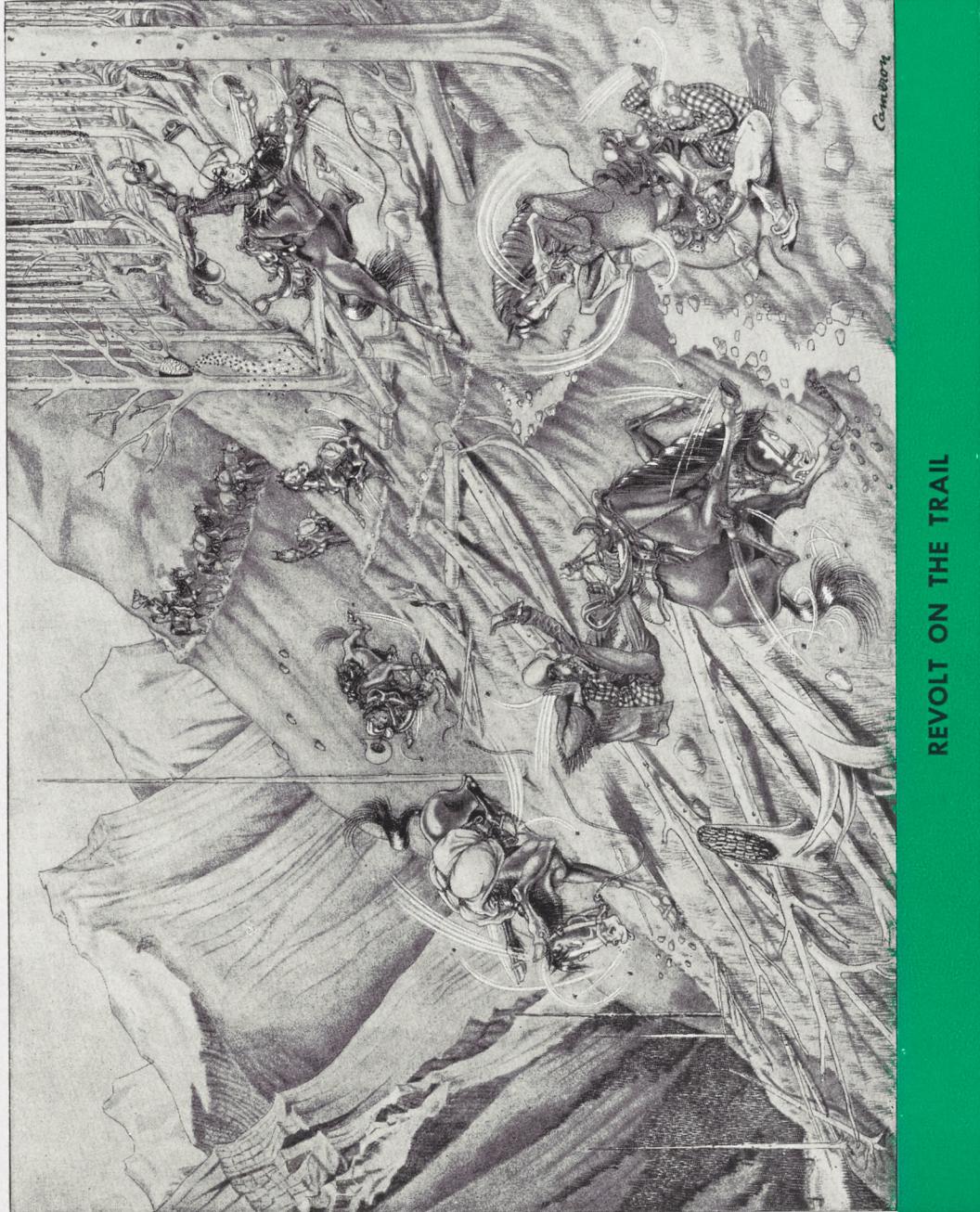
(Continued from page 2)

to the west present an irresistible temptation to see what's "over the hill", Stewart Cameron succumbed to this lure at an early age. At 14 he went on his first mountain trip, and, after picking up the art of packing and shoeing horses from his many cowboy and old-time rancher friends, he was soon able to make his way around the hills with his own little string of pack horses.

It was never definitely established whether Cameron finished his schooling or if finished him. However, after this questionable phase of his life, he commenced to cartoon for the local newspapers, and for many years his cartoons were eagerly read from day to day in Calgary and later in Vancouver. He also worked for a time at the Walt Disney Studios in Hollywood.



• This is one of a set of ten cartoons by Stewart Cameron, entitled, "Pack Horse in the Rockies" — average size: 8 $\frac{1}{4}$ x 11 $\frac{1}{2}$. The complete set can be obtained by writing — Cameron Cartoons (No. 3), Box 388, Calgary, Alta. (Price: \$1.00 per set, by cheque, money order, or cash).



REVOLT ON THE TRAIL



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